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that time, taking away to his grave the masterpieces he had been dreaming of, dead before having seen the light; to be taken away thus, at the moment they had begun to appear, from all the joys so dearly, so gallantly gained, after having foreseen them just in time to experience regret for them. But his fate was still more cruel. More abandoned than the Hebrew prophet it was not even given to him in his last hour to see in the distant mists the promised land where the children of his genius were to arrive without him. No! After so many fair hopes, always slowly and labouriously cherished, falling to pieces forever in one night, after

so many years of hard work and struggle, after his masterpiece had been finished, after the cruel neglect of the public, after the abuse of the press, after the doubt of himself and with that dreadful phrase, "Perhaps they are right," death!

Did he not have a presentiment of this cruel end, did he not foresee all the horror of his fate, he who once wrote: "In truth, I tell you, composers are the pariahs and the martyrs of modern society. Like the ancient gladiators, they fall in crying out: 'Salve, popule, morituri te salutant!'" (Hail, O people, those about to die salute you!)

ALONE

From the Japanese

*In lonely solitude I dwell,
No human face I see;
And so we two must sympathize,
O mountain cherry tree!
I have no friend but thee.*